



12

A SELECTION

OF

POPULAR HYMNS,

FOR THE USE OF

SABBATH SCHOOLS.

HALIFAX:

Nova Scotia Printing Company.

1870.

A DESIRE to place within the reach of the children of our Church, at a very small cost, a selection of the most popular of the hymns contained in the many Sabbath-school hymn books which have been published during the last few years, has led to the publication of this little book. While care has been taken to avoid hymns decidedly inferior as regards poetic or devotional merit, the chief aim of the Compiler has been to select those, the music of which had been popular among the children of the school with which he was for many years connected.

The great expense necessary in order to place in the hands of every child in our Sabbath schools a copy of one or more hymn books, costing from 35 to 40 cents each, is an almost insurmountable obstacle to their improvement in sacred vocal music. If each child has a copy of this little book, those which contain the music will be required only by the leader.

The hymns have been selected from the most popular of the books recently published in Britain and the United States; and in each case the name of the book is given. A few of them are not adapted for use on the Lord's day, but these will be found well suited to those festive gatherings in which the children of every Sabbath school delight.

CHARLES ROBSON.

Halifax, April, 1870.

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN BOOK.

1. The Cross of Christ. *Bateman.*

- 1 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is he?
See his eyes so pale and dim;
Streaming blood and writhing limb;
See the flesh with scourges torn;
See the crown of twisted thorn;
See the drooping death-dew'd brow,—
Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!
- 2 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is he?
Hark! his prayer for them that slew,
"Lord, they know not what they do."
Lo, the sun at noon grown pale!
Rent in twain the temple's vail!
Trembling nature knows thee now,
Son of Man, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!
- 3 Bound upon th' accursed tree,
Dread and awful, who is he?
Though his lifeless corpse was laid
In a cold sepulchral bed,
Soon the Saviour from the grave
Rose a conqueror, strong to save;
Bright the crown that decks his brow—
Son of God, 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou!

2. Children in Heaven. *Bateman,*

- 1 Around the throne of God in heav'n,
 Ten thousand children stand,
 Whose sins are all through Christ forgiv'n,
 A holy, happy band.
Singing glory, glory, glory.
- 2 What brought them to that world above,
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love?—
 How came these children there?—*Singing,*
&c.
- 3 Because the Saviour shed his blood
 To wash away their sin;
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean.—*Singing, &c.*

3. The Church. *Tric.*

- 1 Glorious things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God!
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Form'd thee for his own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See! the streams of living waters
 Springing from eternal love;
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst t' assuage;
 Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
 Never fails from age to age?

4. **The Mercy-Seat.** *Tune Retreat.*

- 1 From ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm a sure retreat,
'Tis found-beneath the Mercy-seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads ;
A place than all beside more sweet,
It is the blood-bought Mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend,
Tho' Sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common Mercy-seat.

5. **Nearer, my God, to Thee.** *Bateman.*

- 1 Nearer my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee ;
Ev'n though it be a cross
That raiseth me ;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone ;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.
- 3 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly—
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee!

6. Resting By and By. *Fresh Laurels.*

- 1 When faint and weary toiling,
The sweat-drops on my brow,
I long to rest from labor,
To drop the burden now—
There comes a gentle chiding
To quell each mourning sigh :
“ Work while the day is shining,
There’s resting by and by.”

CHO.—Resting by and by,
There’s resting by and by ;
We shall not always labor,
We shall not always cry ;
The end is drawing nearer,
The end for which we sigh ;
We’ll lay our heavy burdens down,
There’s resting by and by.

- 2 This life to toil is given,
And he improves it best
Who seeks by patient labor
To enter into rest ;
Then, pilgrim, worn and weary,
Press on, the goal is nigh ;
The prize is straight before thee,
There’s resting by and by.

- 3 Wan reaper in the harvest,
Let this thy strength sustain.
Each sheaf that fills the garner
Brings thee eternal gain ;
Then bear the cross with patience,
To fields of duty hie ;
’Tis sweet to work for Jesus—
There’s resting by and by.

7. Joyful.

Bateman.

- 1 Here we suffer grief and pain;
Here we meet to part again;
In heaven we part no more.

CHO.—O, that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
O, that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.

- 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.—O, &c.
- 3 Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From every Sabbath-school.—O, &c.
- 4 There we shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ the Lord.—O, &c.

8. Jesus at the Helm.

Trio.

- 1 Frail is my bark and stormy is the ocean,
How can I hope to stem the rushing tide;
How can I face the billows wild commotion,
Dangers are threat'ning me on every side.
- CHO.—With Jesus at the helm, I shall journey
safely over,
Though the storm is raging and the billows
foam;
With Jesus at the helm, I shall journey safely
over,
And find a refuge from the storm when
Heav'n is my home.

- 2 Though weak my faith, there's One whose
 love unfailing,
 Will cast a brightness over sight so dim ;
 His strength for all my frailties still availing,
 Will make me feel the love I owe to Him.
- 3 Frail is my bark, but Jesus is beside me,
 E'en through the night I see His glorious
 form,
 With Him to cheer, to strengthen and to
 guide me,
 My soul will calmly brave the darkest
 storm.

9. **God is Near Thee.** *Happy Voices.*

- 1 God is near thee,
 Therefore cheer thee,
 Sad soul ;
 He'll defend thee
 When around thee
 Billows roll,

CHO.—When around, &c.

- 2 Calm thy sadness,
 Look in gladness
 On high ;
 Faint and weary,
 Pilgrim, cheer thee,
 Help is nigh.

- 3 Mark the sea-bird,
 Wildly wheeling
 Through the skies ;
 God defends him,
 God attends him,
 When he cries.

4 God is near thee,
Therefore cheer thee,
Sad soul;
He'll defend thee
When around thee
Billows roll.

10. **Grand Millenium Song.** *Fresh Laurels.*

1 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
And Zion's children then shall sing,
"The deserts all are blossoming:"
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom,
The Gospel banner, wide unfurl'd,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the world;
And every creature, bond and free,
Shall hail the glorious jubilee.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall
reign,
And lambs shall with the leopard play,
For nought shall harm in Zion's way:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall
reign.
The sword and spear, of needless worth,
Shall prune the tree and plow the earth,
And peace shall smile from shore to shore,
And nations shall learn war no more:
Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall
reign.

11. Jesus the Refuge. *Bateman.*

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
Leave, oh ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
All my help from Thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found ;
Grace to pardon all my sin ;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee ;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

12. The Land of Eden. *Fresh Laurels.*

- 1 O Eden Land, thou land of bloom,
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,
Beyond the pain and grief and strife,
That dim and mar our mortal life.
O Eden Land, thou land of the blest !
Where we alone find peace and rest.

- 2 O Eden Land ! bright world of bliss,
 More fresh and fair and pure than this ;
 O ! how our weary spirits long
 To reach that clime of light and song !
 Thou Eden Land, at whose close gate
 The treasures of our future wait.
- 3 Thou Eden Land, O ! could we grasp
 Thy promised blessings in our clasp ;
 Fain would we loose our hold on earth,
 And rise to that immortal birth,
 Which shall alone place in our hand
 The key to heaven's fair Eden Land.
-

13. **On those Jewelled Walls of Jasper.**
(Songs of Gladness.

- 1 On those jewelled walls of jasper,
 Hear that bright cherubic band,
 Bidding us, beguiled and tempted,
 Homeward from this weary land.

CHO.—Yes, we're coming, coming, coming,
 Coming up to join your throng,
 Struggling on through pain and sorrow,
 Singing still our pilgrim song.

- 2 On those jewelled walls of jasper,
 Loved ones from our bosoms gone,
 Gone thro' death and tribulation,
 Beckon, bid us, cheer us on.

- 3 On those jewelled walls of jasper,
 From his central radiant throne,
 Jesus calls us wayworn pilgrims,
 Calls us—God's beloved Son.

- 4 Pressing to those walls of jasper,
 Work awaits us to be done ;
 Tears to wipe, and souls to rescue,
 As we struggle toward our crown.

14. Salvation.

Bateman.

- 1 Oh, come let us sing
 To the God of salvation,
 To Jesus our King,
 Who hath brought consolation ;
 Who in his own body
 Hath opened a fountain
 To cleanse all our sins,
 Though as high as a mountain.
- CHO.—Halleluiah to the Lamb,
 Who hath bought us a pardon ;
 We will praise him again
 When we've pass'd over Jordan.
- 2 Though our hearts are depraved,
 Though with sin we are burden'd,
 Our souls may be saved,
 And our sins may be pardon'd,
 And Jesus, our Saviour,
 Hath promised to bless us,
 And free us for ever
 From those that oppress us.—*Hal., &c.*
- 3 The hour may be nigh,
 When our bosoms, faint heaving,
 Shall breathe their last sigh
 In the peace of believing ;
 And thou from our pillow
 All darkness dispelling,
 Wilt calm the rude billow
 Of Jordan's proud swelling.—*Hal., &c.*

15. **Little Pebble.** *Songs of Gladness.*

1 *Ques.*—Oh, what can you tell, little pebble,
little pebble,
Oh, what can you tell, little pebble by the
sea?

The secret of your silent life,
Now whisper it to me!

Reply.—Oh, it is the love of my Father up in
heaven,
The God who hath made for his glory you
and me,
And every day I show his praise,
In silence by the sea.

2 Oh, what can you tell, little flower, little
flower,
Oh, what can you tell little flower on the
lea?

The secret of your sweet perfume,
Now whisper it to me!

Reply.—Oh, it is the love of my Father up in
heaven,
The God who hath made for his glory you
and me;

And every day I breathe his praise
In fragrance on the lea.

3 Oh, what can you tell, little warbler, little
warbler,
Oh, what can you tell, little warbler on the
lea?

The secret of your joyous song,
Now whisper it to me!

Reply.—Oh, it is the love of my Father up in heaven,

The God who hath made for his glory you and me ;

And every day I sing his praise
Upon the summer tree.

4 Oh, what can you tell, little prattler, little prattler,

Oh, what can you tell, little prattler on my knee ?

The secret of your happy smile,
Now whisper it to me !

Reply.—Oh, it is the love of my father up in heaven,

The God who hath made for his glory you and me ;

And every day I seek his face
Upon my bended knee !

Full Chorus.—Oh, thus to the love of our Father up in heaven,

The God who hath made for his glory all we see,

The praise of all things here is given,
And evermore shall be !

16. Weeping Soul. *Fresh Laurels.*

1 Weeping soul, no longer mourn,
Jesus all thy griefs hath borne ;
View him bleeding on the tree,
Pouring out his life for thee ;
There thy every sin He bore,
Weeping soul, lament no more.

2 All thy crimes on Him were laid ;
 See ! upon His blameless head
 Wrath its utmost vengeance pours ;
 Due to my offence and yours ;
 Weary sinner, keep thine eyes
 On the atoning sacrifice.

3 Cast thy guilty soul on Him ;
 Find Him mighty to redeem ;
 At His feet thy burden lay,
 Look thy doubts and fears away ;
 Now by faith the Son embrace,
 Plead His promise, trust His grace

17. **Seeking Christ's Care.** *Happy Voices.*

1 Saviour, listen to our prayer,
 Poor and sinful though we are ;
 Guilt-confessing,
 Give thy blessing,
 Grant us thy loving care.

CHO.—O God our Father, Christ our King,
 Now to thee our hearts we bring ;
 Keep them ever,
 Blessed Saviour,
 Till in heaven thy love we sing.

2 Strength is thine ; we often stray
 From thy pure and holy way ;
 Wilt thou guide us,
 Walk beside us,
 Nearer every day ?

3 Then may we, when life is o'er,
 Stand with thee on yonder shore ;
 Freed from sinning,
 Heaven winning,
 Praising evermore.

18. Wanderer. *Fresh Laurels.*

1 Jesus, I come to thee, a wand'rer, a wand'rer,

A stranger from my Father's house
I would no longer be.

Jesus, I plead with thee, a wand'rer, a wand'rer—

O wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
And set my spirit free.

CHO.—Now, blessed Saviour, take Thy weary wand'ring child,

Keep me, O keep me from the tempest wild;

My lonely heart by sin oppress'd
Would lose its burden on Thy breast,
And find a calm and peaceful rest
Forever there.

2 Jesus the living way, O save me, O save me!

O lead me to Thy precious fold,
And let me never stray;

O let me hear Thy voice, my Father, dear Father,

In gentle tones my pardon speak,
And bid my soul rejoice.

3 Jesus, the way is bright before me, before me,

My prayer is heard, the clouds are gone,
I see Thy glorious light:

Jesus, no more I'll roam a wand'rer, a wand'rer,

My Father holds me in his arms,
And bids me welcome home.

19. Our Glorious Home. *Fresh Laurels.*

- 1 Good-night ! good-night ! till we meet in the morning,
 Far above this fleeting shore,
 To endless joy in a moment awaking,
 There we'll sleep no more.

CHO.—Where the pearly gates will never,
 never close,
 And the tree of life its dewy shadow throws,
 Where the ransomed ones in love repose,
 Our glorious home shall be.

- 2 Good-night ! good-night ! till we meet in the morning.

See the hours are waning fast,
 Along the banks of the clear flowing river
 We shall meet at last.

- 3 Good-night ! good-night ! till we meet in the morning,

There from pain and sorrow free,
 With Him who died from the grave to redeem
 us
 We shall ever be.

20. Zion's Pilgrim.

Trio.

- 1.—*Girls*—Pilgrims we are to Canaan bound ;
 Our journey lies along this road ;
Boys—This wilderness we travel round,
 To reach the city of our God.

CHO.—O happy pilgrims, spotless fair,
 What makes your robes so white appear ?
Girls—Our robes are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
 And we are travelling home to God.

- 2 A few more days, or weeks, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.
- 3 O, may we meet at last above,
Amid the holy blood-washed throng;
And sing for ever Jesus' love,
While saints and angels join the song.
-

21. The Angels in the Air. *Trio.*

- 1 When Life's labor song is sung,
And the ebon arch is sprung,
O'er the shaded couch of death so still,
Then the Lord will light the scene,
With the angels' starry sheen,
As they welcome us to Zion's hill.
- CHO.—We'll meet each other there,
Yes, we'll meet each other there,
With the angels in the air,
Yes, we'll meet each other there.
- 2 Dark the shadows in the vale,
Fierce the howling of the gale,
But the shining ones are near our door:
With our robes as bright as they,
We will tread the starry way,
With the shadow and the storm no more.
- 3 Flood the heart with parting tears,
Frost the head with passing years,
Mingle want and woe together here—
But the Lord will lift the cloud
That enwraps the shining crowd,
And we'll never know a shadow there.

22. Sunday-School Battle Song.

[Happy Voices.]

- 1 Marching on, marching on, glad as birds on
the wing,
Come the bright ranks of children from
near and from far ;
Happy hearts, full of song, 'neath our
banners we bring
Little soldiers of Zion, prepared for the war.

CHO.—Marching on, marching on, sound the
battle cry, sound the battle cry ;
For the Saviour is before us, and for him
we draw the sword :
Marching on, marching on,
Shout the victory, shout the victory !
We will end the battle singing,
“ Hallelujah to the Lord.”

- 2 Pressing on, pressing on to the din of the
fray,
With the firm tread of faith to the battle
we go ;
Mid the cheering of angels our ranks march
away,
With our flags pointing ever right on
tow'rd the foe.
- 3 Fighting on, fighting on, in the midst of the
strife,
At the call of our Captain we draw every
sword ;
We are battling for God, we are struggling
for life ;
Let us strike ev'ry rebel that fights 'gainst
the Lord.

23. Beautiful River. *Happy Voices.*

- 1 Shall we gather at the river
 Where bright angel feet have trod ;
 With its crystal tide forever
 Flowing by the throne of God ?

CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the River,
 The beautiful, the beautiful river,—
 Gather with the saints at the River
 That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy, golden day.

- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down ;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.

24. Shall We Meet Beyond the River?
(Happy Voices.)

- 1 Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll,
 Where, in all the bright forever,
 Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul ?

CHO.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
 Shall we meet, shall we meet,
 Shall we meet beyond the river,
 Where the surges cease to roll ?

- 2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor
 Where our stormy voyage is over ;
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor
 By the fair celestial shore—

- 3 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls in harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound ?
- 4 Shall we meet with many a loved one,
Torn on earth from our embrace ?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face ?
- 5 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
When he comes to claim his own ?
Shall we hear him bid us welcome,
And sit down upon his throne ?

25. Hosanna. *Happy Voices.*

- 1 What are those soul reviving strains
Which echo thus from Salem's plains ?
What anthems loud, and louder still,
So sweetly sound from Zion's hill ?
- CHO.—“Glory, glory !” let us sing,
While heaven and earth with “Glory !” ring :
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to the Lamb of
God !
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to the Lamb of
God !
- 2 Lo, 'tis an infant chorus sings
“Hosanna to the King of kings !”
The Saviour comes, and babes proclaim
Salvation sent in Jesus' name.
- 3 Messiah's name shall joy impart,
Alike to Jew and Gentile heart :
He bled for us, he bled for you,
And we will sing Hosanna too.

26. The Lord will Provide. *Trio.*

- 1 O, Pilgrims to Zion, your courage renew,
Your Captain's before you, his standard in
view;
Then why do you falter, He bids you be
strong,
And help one another to journey along :
O trust him for ever your refuge and guide,
Remember the promise, "The Lord will
provide."
- 2 The world may disown you, and friends may
forsake,
The night may be cheerless, but morning
will break,
When burdened with sorrow and longing for
rest,
Temptations may follow, "'Tis all for the
best ;"
His arm is around you, your Shepherd and
guide,
Remember the promise, "The Lord will
provide."
- 3 Behold in the valley the lilies so fair,
'Tis not from their labor, the beauty they
wear ;
If clothed by your Father the grass that
must die.
The wants of his children his hand will
supply ;
Then trust him forever, your refuge and
guide,
Remember the promise, "The Lord will
provide."

27. The Evergreen Shore. *Trio.*

- 1 We are joyously voyaging over the main,
 Bound for the evergreen shore,
 Whose inhabitants never of sickness complain,
 And never see death any more.

CHO.—Then let the hurricane roar,
 It will the sooner be o'er;
 We will weather the blast, and will land at last,
 Safe on the evergreen shore.

- 2 Both the winds and the billows our Saviour controls;
 Nothing can baffle his skill;
 And his voice when the thundering hurricane rolls,
 Can make the loud tempest be still.

- 3 Let the vessel be wrecked on the rock, or the shoal,
 Sink to be seen never more;
 He will bear, none the less, every passenger soul,
 Safe, safe to the evergreen shore.

28. Star of Bethlehem. *Happy Voices.*

- 1 Saw you never in the twilight,
 When the sun has left the skies,
 Up in heav'n the clear stars shining
 Thro' the gloom like silver eyes?
 So of old, the wise men watching,
 Saw a little stranger star,
 And they knew the King was given,
 And they follow'd it from far.

- 2 Heard you never of the story
 How they crossed the desert wild,
 Journeyed on by plain and mountain,
 Till they found the holy Child—
 How they opened all their treasure,
 Kneeling to their infant King,
 Gave the gold and fragrant incense,
 Gave the myrrh in offering ?
- 3 Know you not that lovely infant
 Was the bright and Morning Star,
 He who came to light the Gentiles
 And the darkened isles afar ?
 And we too may seek his cradle,
 'There our hearts' best treasure bring—
 Love and faith and true devotion,
 For our Saviour, God, and King

29. Stand up for Jesus.

Trio.

- 1 Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
 Ye soldiers of the cross ;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss :
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall be led,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up !—stand up for Jesus !
 Stand in his strength alone ;
 The arm of flesh will fail you—
 Ye dare not trust your own ;
 Put on the Gospel armor,
 And watching unto prayer,
 Where duty calls or danger
 Be never wanting there.

- 3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 The strife will not be long;
 This day the noise of battle,
 The next the victor's song:
 To him that overcometh,
 A crown of life shall be:
 He with the King of Glory
 Shall reign eternally.

30. Haste to the Mountain.

(Echo to Happy Voices.

- 1 Haste to the mountain, linger no more;
 Lo, the avenger presses thee sore.
 Hark! how his footsteps strike on the ear!
 Haste to the mountain, refuge is near!

CHO.—Haste to the mountain, sinner, to-day,
 Enter the refuge now while you may;
 Haste to the mountain, sinner defiled,
 Enter the refuge, though but a child.

- 2 Yield not to slumber, over thy path
 Murmurs a tempest heavy with wrath;
 Night is approaching, dangers increase;
 Dream not of safety, sing not of peace.
- 3 Cast thy fond idols out of thy heart,
 Say to the tempters round thee, "Depart!"
 Friendship may woo thee, pleasure beguile,
 Fly from the charmer, heed not her smile.
- 4 Refuge of sinners, Saviour divine,
 Gather the children, for they are thine—
 Thine by creation, thine by thy cross;
 Hide them, oh, hide them, save them from
 loss.

Trio.

31. Hear the Echo. *Silver Spring.*

- 1 Ringing, sweetly ringing,
The cheerful Sabbath bells,
Ringing, sweetly ringing,
The cheerful Sabbath bells.
We linger a moment their call to hear,
Then haste away to our school so dear,
Over the greenwood joyous and free,
Singing with gladness happy are we.

CHO. — While over the distant hill
Their music is floating still,
Hear the echo, echo, echo, sweet Sabbath
bells,
Hear the echo, echo, echo, sweet Sabbath
bells.

- 2 Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Their silver chimes we love,
Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Their silver chimes we love.
A mission of peace to the heart they bear,
A welcome call to the house of prayer,
Telling of raptures, telling of rest,
Mansions of glory, tranquil and blest.

- 3 Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Those cheerful Sabbath bells,
Ringing, sweetly ringing,
Those cheerful Sabbath bells.
O! let us be grateful to God above,
Who crowneth our days with the light of
love,
Blessed Redeemer, ever to thee,
Praise by thy children offered shall be.

32. Evening Hymn. Happy Voices.

- 1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
Oh may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 3 And when we early rise,
And view th' unweari'd sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.
- 4 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
Oh may we in our bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

33. The Land Beyond the River. Trio.

- 1 No mortal eye that land hath seen,
Beyond, beyond the river,
Its smiling valleys, hills so green,
Beyond, beyond the river.
Its shores are coming nearer,
The skies are growing clearer,
Each day it seemeth dearer,
That land beyond the river.

CHO.—We'll stand the storm, we'll stand the
storm,
Its rage is almost over,
We'll anchor in the harbor soon,
In the land beyond the river.

2 That glorious day will ne'er be done,
 Beyond, beyond the river,
 When we've the crown and kingdom won,
 Beyond, beyond the river.
 There is eternal pleasure,
 And joys which none can measure,
 For those who have their treasure
 In the land beyond the river.

3 When shall we look from Zion's hill,
 Beyond, beyond the river?
 With endless bliss our hearts shall thrill,
 Beyond, beyond the river.
 There angels bright are singing,
 Where golden harps are ringing,
 We ne'er shall cease our singing
 In the land beyond the river.

34. I'N Think of My Saviour. Trio.

1 I'll think of my Saviour when daylight is
 breaking
 Away from the darkness and gloom of the
 night,
 When fresh from his slumber the sun is
 awaking,
 And girding himself with the armor of
 light.

CHO.—I'll think of my Saviour,
 And trust him forever.
 I'll seek for his favor,
 And hope through his love,
 With angels to meet him,
 With seraphs to greet him,
 And praise him forever,
 In mansions above.

- 2 I'll think of my Saviour when daylight is
 sinking,
 And blending its beams with the twilight
 so gray,
 When bright starry eyes in the azure are
 twinkling,
 And silence embraces the close of the day.
- 3 I'll think of my Saviour when sorrow is
 flinging
 Her thick robe of sadness around the dark
 tomb ;
 If light from his presence a glory is bringing,
 'Twill scatter its darkness and hide all its
 gloom.

35. The Shining Shore.

Trio.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,
 Would not detain them as they fly,
 Those hours of toil and danger :

CHO.—For oh ! we stand on Jordan's strand,
 Our friends are passing over,
 And just before the shining shore
 We may almost discover.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
 Our distant home discerning ;
 Our absent Lord has left us word ;
 Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
 We need not cease our singing ;
 That perfect rest nought can molest,
 Where golden harps are ringing.

36. O Sacred Head, once wounded.
[Happy Voices.]

- 1 O Sacred Head, once wounded,
With grief and pain weighed down,
How scornfully surrounded
With thorns, Thine only crown !
How pale Thou art with anguish
With sore abuse and scorn !
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn.
- 2 O Lord of life and glory,
What bliss till now was Thine !
I read the wondrous story,
I joy to call Thee mine.
Thy grief and Thy compassion
Were all for sinners' gain ;
Mine, mine was the transgression,
But thine the deadly pain.
- 3 What language shall I borrow
To praise Thee, Heavenly Friend
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end !
Lord, make me Thine for ever,
Nor let me faithless prove ;
O let me never, never,
Abuse such dying love.
- 4 Be near me, Lord, when dying ;
O show Thy cross to me :
And for my succour flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free ;—
These eyes—new faith receiving—
From Jesus shall not move ;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through Thy love.”

ounded.
Happy Voices.

wn,

37. A Beautiful Home. *Happy Voices.*

- 1 There's a beautiful home for thee, brother,
A home, a home for thee;
In that land of bliss where pleasure is,
There, brother, 's a home for thee.

CHO.—A beautiful home for thee, brother,
A beautiful home for thee;
In that land of bliss where pleasure is,
There, brother, 's a home for thee.

- 2 There's a beautiful crown for thee, brother—
A crown, a crown for thee,
When the battle is done, and the victory
won;
Our Saviour will give it to thee.

- 3 Wilt seek that beautiful home, brother,—
That home, that home above;
In that land of light, where all is bright,
That land where all is love?

38. The House upon a Rock. *Trio.*

- 1 O, if my house is built upon a rock,
I know it will stand for ever;
The floods may come, and the rolling thun-
der shock
May beat upon my house that is founded
on a rock,
But it never will fall, never will fall,
Never, never, never!

CHO.—My rock is firm, it is my sure founda-
tion,
'Tis Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour,
Jesus Christ, my loving Saviour,
The rock of my salvation.

- 2 For He whose word is lasting as the hills,
 Whose truth is unchanging ever,
 Hath said my house on the solid rock shall
 stand,
 He'll hold it by His might in the hollow
 of His hand,
 And it never will fall, never will fall,
 Never, never, never !
- 3 Then let my house be built upon a rock,
 For there it will stand forever ;
 The floods may come, and the rolling thun-
 der's shock
 May beat upon my house that is founded
 on a rock,
 But it never will fall, never will fall,
 Never, never, never !

39. The Gathering.

Trio.

- 1 We gather, we gather, dear Jesus, to bring
 The breathings of love, 'mid the blossoms
 of spring ;
 Our Maker ! Redeemer ! we gratefully raise
 Our hearts and our voices in hymning Thy
 praise.

CHO.—Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hosanna in
 the highest !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hosanna in the
 highest !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hosanna to the
 Lord !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hosanna to the
 Lord !

2 When, stooping to earth from the brightness
of heaven,
Thy blood for our ransom so freely was
given;
Thou deignedst to listen while children adored
With joyful hosannas—the bless'd of the
Lord!

3 Those arms which embraced little children of
old,
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold;
That grace which inviteth the wandering
home
Hath never forbidden the youngest to
come.

40. The Morn is Breaking. *Trio.*

1 Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee,
And all the midnight shadows flee,
Tinged are the distant skies with glory,
A beacon light hung out for thee,
Arise, arise! the light breaks o'er thee,
Thy name is graven on the throne,
Thy home is in the world of glory,
Where thy Redeemer reigns alone.

2 Toss'd on time's rude relentless surges,
Calmly composed and dauntless stand,
For, lo! beyond those scenes emerges,
The height that bounds the promised land.
Behold! behold! the land is nearing,
Where the wild sea-storm's rage is o'er,
Hark! how the Heav'nly hosts are cheering,
See in what throngs they range the shore.

3 Cheer up! cheer up! the day breaks o'er thee,

Bright as the summer's noontide ray,
The star-gem'd crowns and realms of glory,
Invite thy happy soul away.

Away, away, leave all for glory,
Thy name is graven on the throne,
Thy home is in the world of glory,
Where Thy Redeemer reigns alone.

41. O, Who's like Jesus? *Trio.*

1 Who came from heaven to ransom me?
Jesus, who died upon the tree,
Why did he come from heaven above?
He came because his name was "Love."

Cho.—O, who's like Jesus, who died on the tree,

He died for you, he died for me,
He died to set poor sinners free,
O, who's like Jesus, who died upon the tree?

2 And did he die—the Son of God?
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.
Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed?
That we from evil might be freed.

3 Where is he now? Is he still there?
Yes, and he pleads with God in prayer.
What does he pray for, and for whom?
He prays that we to him might come.

4 Should we not come? Should we not come?
Oh! yes, Christ is the sinner's home!
Christ is the weary sinner's home—
Oh, let us come! oh, let us come!

42. We'll wait till Jesus Comes. *Trio.*

- 1 O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
 When will the moment come,
 When I shall lay my armor by,
 And dwell in peace at home?

CHO.—We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 We'll wait till Jesus comes,
 And we'll be gathered home.

- 2 To Jesus Christ I fled for rest;
 He bade me cease to roam,
 And lean for succor on his breast,
 And he'll conduct me home.

- 3 I sought at once my Saviour's side,
 No more my steps shall roam:
 With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
 And reach my heavenly home.

43. Beautiful Land. *Happy Voices.*

- 1 Jerusalem, for ever bright,
 Beautiful land of rest,
 No winter there, nor chill of night—
 Beautiful land of rest!
 The dripping cloud is chased away,
 The sun breaks forth in endless day:
 Jerusalem,
 The beautiful land of rest!

CHO.—We wait impatient to behold
 The gates of pearl, the streets of gold;
 And nestle safe in Jesus' fold,
 In the beautiful land,
 The beautiful land of rest.

2 Jerusalem, for ever free,
 Beautiful land of rest,
 The soul's sweet home of liberty,
 Beautiful land of rest !
 The gates of sin, the chains of woe,
 The ransomed there will never know.
 Jerusalem,
 The beautiful land of rest !

3 Jerusalem, for ever dear,
 Beautiful land of rest,
 Thy pearly gates almost appear,
 Beautiful land of rest !
 And when we tread thy lovely shore,
 We'll sing the song we've sung before,
 Jerusalem,
 The beautiful land of rest !

44. **Watchman, Tell me.** *Trio.*

1 Watchman ! tell me, does the morning
 Of fair Zion's glory dawn ?
 Have the signs that mark its coming
 Yet upon thy pathway shone ?
 Pilgrim, yes ! arise, look round thee, —
 Light is breaking in the skies ; —
 Gird thy bridal robes around thee,
 Morning dawns, arise ! arise !

2 Watchman, see ! the light is beaming
 Brighter still upon the way ;
 Signs through all the earth are gleaming,
 Omens of the coming day, —
 When the mighty trumpet sounding
 Shall awake, from earth and sea,
 All the saints of God now sleeping,
 Clad in immortality.

- 3 Watchman, in the golden city,
 Seated on His jasper throne,
 Zion's king enthroned in beauty,
 Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
 There on sun-lit hills and mountains,
 Golden beams serenely glow;
 Purling streams and crystal fountains,
 On whose banks sweet flow'rets blow.

45. Children's Hosanna. *Bateman.*

- 1 When, his salvation bringing,
 To Zion Jesus came,
 The children all stood singing,
 Hosanna to His name!
 Nor did their zeal offend Him;
 But, as he rode along,
 He bade them still attend Him,
 And smiled to hear their song.
- 2 Then since the Lord retaineth
 His love for children still,
 Though now as King He reigneth
 On Zion's heavenly hill,
 We'll flock around His banner,
 Who sits upon the Throne,
 And sing aloud, Hosanna!
 To David's Royal Son.
- 3 For should we fail proclaiming
 Our great Redeemer's praise,
 The stones, our silence shaming,
 Would their hosannas raise.
 But shall we only render
 The tribute of our words?
 No: while our hearts are tender,
 They, too, shall be the Lord's!

46. Shall we Sing in Heaven? *Trio.*

1 Shall we sing in heaven for ever,
Shall we sing? shall we sing?
Shall we sing in heaven forever,
In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy
land,

They that meet shall sing for ever,
Far beyond the rolling river,—

Meet to sing and love for ever,
In that happy land.

2 Shall we know each other, ever,
In that land, in that land?
Shall we know each other, ever,
In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy
land,

They that meet shall know each other,
Far beyond the rolling river,—

Meet to sing and love for ever,
In that happy land.

3 Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that land, in that land?
Shall we know our blessed Saviour
In that happy land?

Yes! oh, yes! in that land, that happy
land,

We shall know our blessed Saviour,
Far above the rolling river,

Love and serve him there for ever,
Meet to sing and love for ever,
In that happy land.

47. Jewels. *Fresh Laurels.*

- 1 When He cometh, when He cometh,
 To make up his jewels,
 All his jewels, precious jewels,
 His lov'd and his own.

CHO.—Like the stars of the morning,
 His bright crown adorning,
 They shall shine in their beauty,
 Bright gems for his crown.

- 2 He will gather, He will gather,
 The gems for his kingdom ;
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones.
 His lov'd and his own.

- 3 Little children, little children,
 Who love their Redeemer,
 Are the jewels, precious jewels,
 His lov'd and his own ?

48. Who is He? *Songs of Gladness.*

- 1 Who is he in yonder stall,
 At whose feet the shepherds fall ?

CHO.—'Tis the Lord,
 Oh, wondrous story ?
 'Tis the Lord,
 The King of Glory,
 At His feet we humbly fall,
 Crown Him, crown Him, Lord of all.

- 2 Who is He in yonder cot,
 Bending to His toilsome lot ?

- 3 Who is He who stands and weeps,
 At the grave where Lazarus sleeps ?

- 4 Who is He in deep distress,
Fasting in the wilderness?
- 5 Lo at midnight who is He,
Prays in dark Gethsemane?
- 6 Who is He, in Calvary's throes,
Asks for blessings on His foes?
- 7 Who is He that, from the grave,
Comes to heal, and help, and save?
- 8 Who is He that, on yon throne,
Rules the world of light alone?

49. Rock of Ages. *Toplady.*

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

50. Lead them to Thee. *Silver Spray.*

- 1 Lead them, my God, to thee,
 Lead them to thee,
 These children dear of mine,
 Thou gavest me,
 Oh, by thy love divine,
 Lead them, my God, to thee,
 Lead them, lead them,
 Lead them to thee.
- 2 E'en for such little ones,
 Christ came a child,
 And thro' this world of sin,
 Moved undefiled;
 Oh, for his sake, I pray,
 Lead them, my God, to thee,
 Lead them to thee.
- 3 Yes, tho' my faith be dim,
 I would believe
 That thou this precious gift,
 Wilt now receive;
 O, take their young hearts now;
 Lead them, my God, to thee,
 Lead them to thee.

51. When Hosannas.*Trio.*

- 1 When Hosannas loud resounding
 Rang through Salem joyfully,
 As the Saviour came in triumph,
 Children's voices rose on high,
 Hymning out the joyful chorus,
 Shouting forth the glad acclaim,
 " Mighty King, the Son of David,
 Coming in Jehovah's name."

2 Jesus heard their little voices,
And with gentle, loving face,
Smiled upon the happy children,
Subjects of his royal grace ;
Hushed the haughty priests to silence
By the old prophetic word :
“Forth from infant lips perfected,
Praise shall come before the Lord.

3 In the day when gathered millions
Sing hosannas, far away,
'Mid the shining hosts of angels,
Infant tongues shall swell the lay.
Come then, children, to the Saviour,
Sweetest welcome waits you here ;
And with those bright hosts in heaven,
You shall sing his praises there.

52. None but Jesus. *Silver Spray.*

1 Weeping will not save me—
Tho' my face were bathed in tears,
That could not allay my fears,
Could not wash the sins of years ;
Weeping will not save me.

CHO.—Jesus wept and died for me ;
Jesus suffered on the tree ;
Jesus waits to make me free ;
He alone can save me.

2 Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thoughts and feelings too,
Cannot form my soul anew ;
Working will not save me.

- 3 Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost I lie,
In my ears is mercy's cry,
If I wait I can but die;
Waiting will not save me.
- 4 Faith in Christ *will* save me—
To his arms, O Lord, I run,
I will trust thy mighty son,
Trust the work that he has done,
Faith in Christ *will* save me.

53. Why Jesus Came. *Echo to Happy*
[*Voices.*]

- 1 Children, can you tell me why
Jesus left his home on high—
Left the glorious angels there
For this world of tears and care—
Left his Father's lovely face,
For this dark and sinful place?
Tell me, children, tell me why
Jesus came to bleed and die.

CHO.—From the sins that now enslave us
Jesus gave his life to save us,
For he loves us, that is why
Jesus came to bleed and die.

- 2 Oh, it was for you he came,
And endured the cross and shame;
'Twas for you the thorns he wore,
'Twas for you the cross he bore;
'Twas because he loved you so
That he bore his dying woe;
Yes, that you, with sin defiled,
Might become a holy child.

3 Seek him then, dear children, now ;
Low in prayer before him bow ;
Trust your precious souls to him—
He can pardon all your sin ;
He can make you ever blest,
If in his dear arms you rest.
Oh, dear children, this is why
Jesus came to bleed and die.

54. More Like Jesus. *Silver Spray.*

1 More like Jesus would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell with me ;
Fill my soul with peace and love—
Make me gentle as a dove ;
More like Jesus, while I go,
Pilgrim in this world below ;
Poor in spirit would I be,
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

2 If he hears the raven's cry,
If his ever watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely he will hear my call.
He will teach me how to live,
All my simple thoughts forgive ;
Pure in heart I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by his side,
Where the tranquil waters glide.
Born of him through grace renewed,
By his love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

55. Beautiful Land on High. *Trio.*

- 1 There's a beautiful land on high,
 To its glories I fain would fly,
 When by sorrows press'd down I long for
 my crown

In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,
 From earth and its cares set free ;
 My Jesus is there, He's gone to prepare
 A place in that land for me.

- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,
 Then why should I fear to die,
 When death is the way, to the realms of day,
 In that beautiful land on high.

- 3 There's a beautiful land on high,
 Where I never shall weep or sigh ;
 For my Father hath said no tear shall be shed
 In that beautiful land on high.

56. Our Victory. *Fresh Laurels.*

- 1 We are marching on to glory,
 We are marching on to glory,
 We are marching on to glory,
 Lift the gospel banner high.
 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Listen to the wondrous story,
 Listen to the wondrous story,
 How he gained the victory,
 How we found the glorious way,
 Leading to the happy gates of day ;
 Let us sing, let us sing
 Of our glorious victory ;
 Let us sing, let us sing,
 Of our glorious, glorious victory !

- 2 When beset by sore temptation,
When beset by sore temptation,
When beset by sore temptation
Satan's host against us rose,
With the armor of salvation,
With the armor of salvation,
With the armor of salvation
Did we triumph o'er our foes ;
Now we praise the Lord on high
For our glorious, glorious victory.
Let us sing, etc.
- 3 When the clouds were dark above us,
When the clouds were dark above us,
When the clouds were dark above us,
And the storm came on apace,
He who cares for us and loves us,
He who cares for us and loves us,
He who cares for us and loves us,
Was our shield and hiding place ;
Under his protecting wing,
Now rejoicing gladly we will sing.
Let us sing, etc.

57. **One by One.** *Silver Spray.*

- 1 One by one we cross the river,
One by one we're passing o'er ;
One by one the crowns are given,
On the bright and happy shore.
Youth and childhood oft are passing,
O'er the dark and rolling tide,
And the blessed Holy Spirit
Is the dying Christian's guide,
And the loving gentle Spirit
Bears them o'er the rolling tide.

- 2 One by one we come to Jesus,
 As we heed his gentle voice ;
 One by one His vineyard enter,
 There to labor and rejoice.
 One by one sweet flow'rs we gather,
 In the glorious work of love,—
 Garlands for the blessed Saviour,
 Gather for the realms above,
 And the loving gentle Spirit
 Bears them to our home of love.
- 3 One by one the heavy-laden,
 Sink beneath the noontide sun ;
 And the aged pilgrim welcomes
 Evening shadows as they come.
 One by one with sins forgiven,
 May we stand upon the shore,
 Waiting till the blessed Spirit
 Takes our hand and guides us o'er,
 And the loving gentle Spirit
 Leads us to the shining shore.

58. Missionary Hymn. *Bateman.*

- 1 Go sound the trump on India's shore,
 And bid the Hindu weep no more,—
 Hindu, weep no more !
 From idols vain, and Ganges' waves,
 The lowly Saviour comes to save.
 From tyrant's power, and Satan's sway,
 The gospel gives the victory.
- 2 Go sound the trump on Africa's shore,
 And bid the *negro weep no more !—Negro, &c.*
 From cruel chains, and bloody grave,
 The lowly Saviour comes to save.—*From, &c.*

- 3 Go sound the trump on Judah's shore,
And say to *Israel*, weep no more!—*Israel*, &c.
The Lord of glory, slain by you,
Will yet restore the guilty Jew.—*From*, &c.
- 4 Go sound the trump on every shore,
And bid poor *sinner*s weep no more!—*Sinner*s,
&c.
The blood that flow'd from Jesus' veins
Will wash away your crimson stains.—*From*,
&c.

59. Reapers, Reapers, Haste! *Echo to*
[Happy Voices.]

- 1 Reapers, reapers, haste,
Your Master's voice is calling;
Reapers, reapers, haste,
The golden grain is falling.
- CHO.—Work, work while it is light,
And wait not for the morrow;
Work, work before the night
Bring sin and shame and sorrow.
- 2 Fields already white,
Rejoicing now with gladness,
Shine with summer light;
Oh, reapers, banish sadness.
- 3 Haste! no more delay
The weakest grain to cherish;
Hear your Master say
He wills not one should perish.
- 4 Bought with Jesus' blood,
The weakest is a treasure
Made by God for good,
For glory without measure.

60. I Will Sing for Jesus. *Silver Spray.*

1 I will sing for Jesus,
With his blood he bought me ;
And all along my pilgrim way
His loving hand has brought me.

CHO.—Help me to sing for Jesus,
Help me to tell the story
Of him who did redeem us,
The Lord of life and glory.

2 I will sing for Jesus !
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

3 Still I'll sing for Jesus !
O ! how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.

61. Jesus by the Sea. *Silver Spray.*

1 O, I love to think of Jesus as he sat beside
the sea,
Where the waves were only murm'ring on
the strand,
When he sat within the boat, on the silver
wave afloat,
While he taught the waiting people on the
land.

CHO.—O ! I love to think of Jesus by the sea ;
O ! I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
And I love the precious Word,
Which he spake to them that heard,
While he taught the waiting people by the sea.

- 2 O, I love to think of Jesus as he walked upon
the sea,
When the waves were rolling fearfully and
grand,
How the winds and waves were still, at the
bidding of his will,
While he brought his loved disciples safe to
land.

CHO.—O ! I love to think of Jesus by the sea ;
O ! I love to think of Jesus by the sea,
How he walked upon the wave,
His beloved ones to save,
While he brought them safely o'er the stormy
sea.

- 3 O, I love to think of Jesus as he walked beside
the sea,
Where the fishers spread their nets upon the
shore,
How he bade them follow him, and forsake
the paths of sin,
And to be his true disciples evermore.

CHO.—O ! I love to think of Jesus by the sea ;
O ! I love to think of Jesus by the sea !
And I long to leave my all,
At the dear Redeemer's call,
And his true disciple evermore to be.

62. Sun of my Soul. *Bateman.*

- 1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes !

- 2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.
- 3 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought—How sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast !

63. Suffer Little Children to Come.

[Bateman.]

- 1 When mothers of Salem their children
brought to Jesus,
The stern disciples drove them back, and
bade them depart,
But Jesus saw them ere they fled, and
sweetly smiled and kindly said :
“Suffer little children to come unto Me.”
- 2 For I will receive them and fold them in my
bosom :
I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, oh ! drive
them not away,
For if their hearts to me they give, they
shall with me in glory live ;
“Suffer little children to come unto me !”
- 3 How kind was our Saviour to bid these chil-
dren welcome,
But there are many thousands who have
never heard His name ;
The Bible they have never read, they know
not that the Saviour said,
“Suffer little children to come unto me !”

4 Oh! soon may the heathen, of every tribe
and nation,
Fulfil Thy blessed Word, and cast their idols
all away;
Oh! shine upon them from above, and shew
Thyself a God of love,
Teach the little children to come unto Thee!

64. Take a Blessing While we Linger.
[Silver Spray.]

- 1 Take a blessing, take a blessing,
Ere we journey on our way;
Take a blessing while we linger
Where we long would gladly stay;
'Tis the spirit's benediction,
While the tear-drops freely start;
Take the blessing, take the blessing,
As it gushes from the heart.
- 2 May the peace of heaven ever
At your hearth and board remain;
May the gentlest breezes waft you
Over life's uncertain main.
Take a blessing while we linger,
Where we long would gladly stay;
Take the blessing, take the blessing,
Ere we journey on our way.
- 3 Yes! these meetings and these partings
Will be over by and by.
When the loved and lost shall gather
At our Father's house on high;
Take a blessing while we linger,
Where we long would gladly stay,
Take a blessing, take a blessing,
Ere we journey on our way.

65. Early Piety. *Bateman.*

- 1 They are bless'd, and bless'd for ever,
Who in childhood's early day,
Seek the care of Him, who never
Turns the seeking soul away.

CHO.—I love Jesus, I love Jesus,
I love Jesus, yes I do !
I love Jesus, he's my Saviour,
Jesus smiles, and loves me too.

- 2 He, their Shepherd and their Saviour,
Will with eyes of love behold,
And regard with kindest favour,
Every lamb within its fold.
- 3 He will in his bosom cherish
Those who follow his command ;
They shall never, never perish,
None shall pluck them from his hands.
-

66. Bring in the Lambs. *Trio.*

- 1 Welcome, kind friends and teachers dear,
Ye who have toiled from year to year,
To lead us up the heavenly way,
And teach us how to watch and pray.
- CHO.—Bring in the lambs, the tender lambs,
O bring them, bring them in to Jesus' fold.
Bring in the lambs, the tender lambs,
O bring them, bring them in to Jesus' fold.
- 2 Bring in the lambs, while yet ye may,
Ere Satan claims them for his prey :
So "ye shall shine as stars of light,"
In yonder heaven so fair and bright.

- 3 High, high the heavenly rapture burns,
 Whene'er a prodigal returns !
 Strive, strive that rapture to prolong,
 Till earth shall echo back the song !

67. My Everlasting Rest. *Notes of Joy.*

- 1 Gracious Saviour, can it be
 There awaits a crown for me,
 Set with gems, so pure, so bright,
 Sparkling each with heavenly light ?
 CHO.—Yes ! O yes, If you believe,
 Jesus has a crown to give,
 Yes ! O yes, If you believe,
 Jesus has a crown to give.
- 2 Can it be, a harp of gold,
 Glittering bright these hands shall hold ?
 That this voice shall join the song
 Sung by angels round the throne ?
 Yes ! O yes, if you believe,
 Jesus has a harp to give.
- 3 Shall I have a glorious dress
 Purchased by Thy righteousness ?
 Shall I dwell with Thee on high,
 Nevermore to sin or die ?
 Yes ! O yes, if you believe,
 Jesus has a robe to give.
- 4 Shall I pass the pearly gates ?
 Shall I walk the golden streets ?
 Shall I see the great white throne,
 And behold the Lamb thereon ?
 Yes ! O yes, if you believe,
 Jesus has a heaven to give.

68. Pilgrims of the Cross. *Singing Pilgrim.*

- 1 Dear comrade pilgrims of the cross,
Although the way be dreary,
Yet faint not, fail not, onward press,
Though wounded, worn, and weary.

CHO.—Toil onward still, through ev'ry ill,
Confiding in the Saviour;
The journey done, and glory won,
We'll sing his praise forever.

- 2 Though sore beset, not overcome;
Cast down, but not despairing;
We're trav'ling t'ward a heavenly home,
Our Master's standard bearing.

- 3 Our Lord is God; his promise sure,
His help shall fail us never;
And they who to the end endure
Shall reign with him forever.
-

69. "Tried and True." *Silver Spray.*

- 1 We are a band of merry children,
Full of glee, Full of glee,
Like the springtime in its beauty,
Glad are we, Glad are we;
Bright is the busy world around us,
Bright with flowers, Bright with flowers,
Smiles from the sunny vale above us,
Come with the hours, Come with the hours.

CHO.—We are a band of merry, merry children,
While to the Sunday-school we cling,
We are a band of merry, merry children,
Tried and true, Tried and true.

2 Happy am I, the bird is singing,
 Wild and free, Wild and free,
 While to the song with hearts we echo,
 So are we, So are we;
 O! there is joy in every blossom,
 We may share, We may share,
 While we adore the hand that made it,
 Pure and fair, Pure and fair.

3 Happy am I, the wind is sighing,
 Thro' the shade, Thro' the shade;
 Sweet is my home, the daisy murmurs,
 In the glade, in the glade;
 Thus we can sav in days of childhood,
 Full of glee, Full of glee,
 Blending our hearts with nature's voices,
 Blest are we, Blest are we.

70. Blessed Comfort. *Songs of Gladness.*

1 Blessed comfort! while I'm sleeping,
 God his constant watch is keeping;
 Ever wakeful, never slumb'ring,
 Every hair in mercy numb'ring;
 Ne'er his helpless child forgetting,
 Never weary, never letting
 Any danger come too near me—
 Present, day and night to cheer me.

2 E'en in hours of darkest danger,
 Hungering, thirsting, or a stranger,
 Trust I in my God to guide me—
 All things needful he'll provide me:
 Trouble I need never borrow,
 Care nor anguish for the morrow;
 Doubt nor grief need ever vex me;
 Blessed comfort! God protects me.

3 Safe, in house by mercy builded,
 By Jehovah's sunlight gilded,
 On foundation sure erected,
 By eternal love protected ;
 In his everlasting dwelling,
 All his grace and goodness telling ;
 Joyful in his full salvation,
 Jesus is my rock foundation.

71. I'll Not Forget to Pray. *Echo to Happy*
 [Voices.]

- 1 If I should walk a flowry path,
 And bright should be my day,
 With grateful heart I'll 'twine the wreath,
 But not forget to pray ;
 For there's a land divinely fair,
 Whose flowers shall ne'er decay ;
 I'll fix my warm affections there,
 And ne'er forget to pray.
- 2 If tears of grief should dim the eye,
 And joys no longer stay,
 If foes should wound, if friends should fly,
 I'll not forget to pray
 A steadfast friend shall ease the smart,
 And wipe my tears away ;
 I'll lean upon his loving heart,
 And ne'er forget to pray.
- 3 Come joy or sorrow, sickness, health,
 A bright or cloudy day,
 Come painful want or teaming wealth,
 I'll not forget to pray.
 Thus through my few but checkered days
 Before the throne I'll stay,
 And only in the land of praise
 Will I forget to pray.

72. God is Near Me. *Songs of Gladness.*

1 God is near me ; he will cheer me
 When the waves of sorrow roll ;
 He'll defend me, he will lend me
 Comfort for my troubled soul.
 When I'm sinking, almost thinking
 That my God has hid his face,
 Fears all groundless, mercy boundless,
 Brighter, clearer, shines his face.

2 He hath spoken ; never broken
 Hath his faithful promise been ;
 Loves me ever, fails me never,
 Washes out my deepest sin.
 Always near me, ever cheer me,
 Father, Saviour, hear my cry !
 Comfort bringing, keep me singing
 Hallelujah, when I die.

73. "Clinging to the Rock." *Silver
 [Spray.*

1 When the tempest rages high,
 Sailing on life's boisterous sea ;
 Stormy billows I defy
 If I then may only be
 Clinging to the Rock,
 Clinging to the Rock.

CHO.—Shelter for me ever,
 Strength that faileth never ;
 When the storms of life are o'er,
 Look for me on Canaan's shore,
 Clinging to the Rock,
 Clinging to the Rock.

- 2 When 'mid drifting wrecks I'm cast,
Darkness settling thickly round,
Hope shall lift her light at last,
If I then be only found
Clinging to the Rock,
Clinging to the Rock.
- 3 When the conquering waves shall close
Proudly o'er me as I die;
Over these brief victor foes,
I shall triumph while I cry,
Clinging to the Rock,
Clinging to the Rock.

74. Divine Help. *Bateman.*

- 1 Father, let Thy benediction,
Gently falling as the dew,
And Thy ever-gracious presence
Bless us all our journey through.
May we ever
Keep the end of life in view !
- 2 Young in years, we need the wisdom
Which can only come from Thee ;
In the morn of our existence
Let us thy salvation see.
Changed in spirit,
Then shall we thy children be.
- 3 When temptations shall assail us,
When we falter by the way,
Let thine arm of strength defend us,
Saviour, hear us when we pray.
Thou art mighty,
Be thou then our rock and stay.

- 4 Praise and blessing, power and glory,
Will we render, Lord, to Thee ;
For the news of thy salvation,
Shall extend from sea to sea.
All the nations
Joyfully shall worship Thee.
-

75. Gentle Saviour, Bless the Children.

[Silver Spray.]

- 1 Gentle Saviour, bless the children,
Gathered on this sacred day ;
May we feel thy presence with us,
While we meet to sing and pray.
Safely through the week departed,
Thou has kept us by thy grace,
Now we come with joy to praise thee,
Come to seek our Father's face.
- 2 Thou hast spoken words of comfort,
" Let the children come to me ;"
Though our hearts are weak and sinful,
We may bring them, Lord, to thee.
Gentle Saviour, while we thank thee
For this holy Sabbath day,
Turn our hearts from earthly pleasure,
Lead us in the shining way.
- 3 Bless our school, increase its numbers ;
Every soul with rapture fill ;
Give our teachers heavenly wisdom,
In thy cause to labour still.
When the day of life is ended,
Bear us on thy wings of love,
There to join the saints in glory,
In our Father's home above.

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76. Our Father. *Notes of Joy.*

- 1 Little beam of rosy light,
 Who has made you shine so bright ?
 " 'Tis our Father, 'tis our Father."
 Little bird with golden wing,
 Who has taught you how to sing ?
 " 'Tis our Father, 'tis our Father,
 'Tis our Father God above, God above."
 He has made us, He is love ;
 He is love, He is love, He is love.
- 2 Little blossom, sweet and rare,
 Who has made you bloom so fair ?
 " 'Tis our Father, 'tis our Father."
 Little streamlet in the dell,
 Who has made you, can you tell ?
 " 'Tis our Father, 'tis our Father."
- 3 Little child, with face so bright,
 Who has made your heart so light ?
 " 'Tis our Father, 'tis our Father."
 Who has taught you how to sing
 Like the merry bird of spring ?
 " 'Tis our Father, 'tis our Father."

77. Jerusalem the Golden. *Songs of Glad-*
[ness.]

- 1 Jerusalem the golden !
 With milk and honey blest,
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice to rest.
 I know not—oh I know not,
 What joys await me there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.
 There is the throne of David,
 And there, from toil released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.

3 O sweet and blessed country !
 The home of God's elect !
 O sweet and blessed country,
 That eager hearts expect !
 Jesus, in mercy bring us
 To that dear land of rest,
 Who art, with God the Father,
 And the Spirit, ever blest. Amen.

78. Home of the Soul. *Singing Pilgrim.*

1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering
 strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.

2 O, that home of the soul in my visions and
 dreams,
 Its bright jasper walls I can see,
 Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes,
 Between the fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for
 me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
 The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
 And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

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